

THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

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[Vol. III.]

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLOTTE CORDEE,

ASSASSINATOR OF MARAT.

Translated from the French of M. Du Broca.

CHARLOTTE CORDEE was born at St. Saturnin des Lignerets, A. D. 1768. Nature had bestowed on her a handsome person, wit, feeling, and masculine energy of understanding. She received her education in a convent; but, disdaining the frivolous minutiae of that species of education, she laboured with constant assiduity to cultivate her own powers, and hourly strengthened that bent of her imagination towards the grand and sublime, which accorded with the inflexible purity of her manners, while it fitted her for that perilous enterprise to which, at the age of 25, she fell a self-devoted sacrifice.

Her love of study rendered her careless of the homage that her beauty attracted, and her desire of independence caused her to refuse many offers of marriage from men to whom her heart was indifferent. But even philosophy and patriotism could not always render the breast of their fair and heroic disciple invulnerable to the shafts of love. The young and handsome Belzunce, major en-second of the regiment of Bourbon, quartered at Caen, became devoted to her, and succeeded to inspire her with a passion as virtuous as profound. This young officer was massacred on the 11th of August, 1789, by a furious multitude, after Marat, in several successive numbers of his journal, called *L'Ami du peuple*, had denounced the unfortunate Belzunce as a counter-revolutionist.

From that moment the soul of Charlotte Cordee knew no happiness and reposed only on the desire of vengeance upon him whom she believed to be the author of her misery.

Her hatred of Marat became yet more vehement after the events of the thirty-first of May, when she beheld him who had decreed the death of Belzunce now master as it were of the destiny of France; while the deputies, whose principles she loved and whose talents she honoured, were proscribed and destitute fugitives, and looking vainly to their country, to Frenchmen and the laws, to save them from the outstretched sword of tyranny. Then it was that Charlotte Cordee resolved to satisfy the vengeance of her love and snatch her country from the grasp of the tyrant.

To execute with perseverance and caution that which she had planned upon principle, was natural to the determined and steady mind of Charlotte Cordee. She left Caen on the 9th of July, 1793, and arrived about noon on the third day at Paris. Some commissions with which she was charged by her family and friends, occupied her the first day after her arrival. Early on the next morning she went to the palais royal, bought a knife, and, getting into a hackney coach, drove to the house of Marat.

It was not then possible for her to obtain an audience of him, though she left nothing untried that she thought likely to influence in her favour the persons who denied her admittance.

Being returned to her hotel, she wrote the following letter to Marat:

"Citizen—I am just arrived from Caen.—Your love for your country inclines me to suppose you will listen with pleasure to the secret events of that part of the republic. I will present myself at your house; have the goodness to give orders for my admission, and grant me a moment's private conversation: I can point out the means by which you may render an important service to France."

In the fear that this letter might not produce the effect she desired upon Marat, she wrote a second letter, still more pressing, which she intended to carry with her, and leave for him, in case she was not received. It was expressed as follows:—

"I wrote you this morning, citizen Marat. Have you received my letter? I cannot imagine it is possible you have, when I find your door still closed against me. I intreat that you will grant me an interview to-morrow. I repeat, that I come from Caen—that I have secrets to reveal to you of the highest importance to the safety of the republic. Besides, I am cruelly persecuted for the cause of liberty. I am unfortunate; to say that, is sufficient to entitle me to your protection."

It was unnecessary to present the second letter; for, when Charlotte Cordee arrived at the house of Marat, between seven and eight in the evening, and spoke impressively of her desire to see him to the woman who opened the door, Marat, who heard her from his bath, where he then was, concluded it was the person from whom he had received the letter of the morning, and ordered that she should immediately be admitted.

Being left alone with him whom she intended to immolate to the manes of her lover and the injuries of her country, and sitting close by his side she answered with the most perfect self-possession his eager questions concerning the proscribed deputies that were at Caen. He demanded their names, with those of the magistrates of Calvados, all of whom she named accurately. While he wrote memorandums of their conversation upon his tables, Charlotte Cordee measured with her eye the spot whereon to strike, when, Marat having said that all these deputies and their accomplices should presently expiate their treason upon the scaffold, her indignation received his words as the signal of vengeance; she snatched the weapon from her bosom, and buried the entire knife in his heart! A single exclamation escaped the miserable wretch—"For me!" he said and expired.

Tranquil and unmoved amidst the general consternation, Charlotte Cordee, as if she proposed to atone for the murder however she deemed it unnecessary, by a public death, did not even attempt her escape. She had received

several violent blows on her head from a neighbor of Marat, the person who ran into the room on hearing the news of his assassination; but when the armed force arrived she put herself under their protection. An officer of the police drew up minutes of assassination, which she cheerfully signed, and was then conveyed to the prison of the Abbey.

Calumniated, abused, and even personally ill-treated by the faction of Marat, she was three days exposed in her dungeon to all their insults and ill-usage, before she was brought to trial.—During this interval, she had found means to write to her father imploring his forgiveness for having thus disposed of her life without his concurrence.

It was within the presence of men about to decide upon her death, one should have seen Charlotte Cordee, to have felt the grandeur of her character. The records of the trial, and her own letters, give but a faint picture of her dignified and noble deportment. If she spoke of her judges, it was neither with the wild energy of a demoniac, nor did she affect the language of innocence; it was with the self-satisfaction of a voluntary victim, who feels it natural to devote her life to the salvation of her country, who did not welcome death as the expiation of a crime, but received it as the inevitable consequence of a mighty effort to avenge the injuries of a nation. While the curses of an incensed and prejudiced people resounded on all sides, she betrayed neither scorn nor indignation. When she looked upon the angry multitude, her eyes expressed a generous pity for the sufferings and delusion of her countrymen. If she despised the men who sat in judgment on her life, she forbore to insult them; but replied to their reiterated questions with a composure and presence of mind that astonished them; while her face and person were animated with the bloom of youth and beauty, her words were graced with the eloquence of a sage!

The defence made by her council, deserves to be recorded here for its peculiar propriety in her circumstances.

"You have heard," said her council, altogether confounded by the courage she displayed, "the answers of the prisoner: she acknowledges her guilt: she even acknowledges, in a very deliberate manner, her long premeditation of the event. She has not suffered any of the most revolting of its circumstances to pass unnoticed by you. She confesses the whole charge, and does not seek in any manner to justify herself. This immovable temper, this absolute desertion of herself, in the very presence, I may say, of death; this absence of all remorse; these are so far from being natural, that they can only be resolved into that political phrenzy, which places a poignard in the hands of a maniac; and it is for you, citizens jurors, to determine what weight this consideration ought to have in the balance of justice."

After the tumult and loud applause that followed her condemnation had ceased, the ad-

addressed herself to her council—"You have defended me," she said, "in a manner as generous as delicate: it was the only one that could have rendered me that service which was your object: accept my thanks and esteem. These gentlemen inform me that my property is confiscated; but there are some little debts to pay in my prison; and, as a proof of the esteem I bear you, I give the performance of this my last duty into your hands."

The hour of her punishment had drawn immense crowds into every avenue to the place of execution. When she appeared alone with the executioner in the cart, in despite of the constrained attitude in which she sat, and of the disorder of her dress, (for, with a littleness of malice, they had despoiled her of every thing that could contribute to the decency of her appearance) she excited the silent admiration of those even who were hired to curse her. One man alone had courage to raise his voice in her praise: he was a deputy from the city of Melitz—his name was Addam Lux. He cried, "*She is greater than Brutus!*" He published the same sentiment, and signed his own condemnation. He was shortly after guillotined.

AN EXTRACT.

[The Oration, from which the following is copied, was pronounced at Dartmouth College, June 1801, on the death of Mr. Ephraim Simons, member of the Senior Class; by Mr. DANIEL WEBSTER, now Attorney at Law in Boscaawen, in this State.]

IT is not our business elaborately to eulogise, nor our wish to emblazon the memory of the dead with the glare of applause. To those who knew our departed friend panegyric were insipid; to those who knew him not, it might appear vain. Suffice it to say, that his acquaintances recognized, in his person, the gentleman, the scholar and the christian; in the commerce of life, free and affable; in the walks of literature, inquisitive and sagacious; in the truths of religion, firm and inflexible—looking forward to the high and exalted merit of serving his country and his God. As his religion inculcated the exercise of a noble and ingenuous frankness, the vile sons of craft and duplicity inherited neither part nor lot in his affections.

To surviving friends, gladdening is the reflection, that he died, as he had lived, a firm believer in the sublime doctrines of Christianity. He died not, like Voltaire, the champion of infidelity, in the anguish of his soul, and with a hell in his bosom; he died not uttering imprecations and blasphemies; he died not in the agonizing tortures of a criminating conscience; but when the lamp of life quivered in its socket, when he perceived that the days of his years were completed, the last rational moment of his life was occupied in prayer to Him, whose blood streamed on Calvary, the IMMANUEL, the PRINCE OF PEACE. Whoever knew him in life, and saw him in death, will cordially address this honorable testimony to his memory,

"He taught us how to live, and, O too high
The price of knowledge! taught us how to die."

The dignity that invested his character in his last hour, was the endowment of that religion, which ever proves a faithful director in life, and a powerful friend in death. When the pride of science, the pageantry of philosophy, the wily arts of cunning and subterfuge, and the parade of hypocrisy all vanish away, religion then, like a protecting seraph, shields

her votary from harm, drives from his presence the pale, terrifying spectres of death and despair, and serenely lays him to repose in the bosom of Providence. Religion disdresses the chain that binds man to the dust, and bids him be immortal. It enables the soul to recline on the arm of the ALMIGHTY, and the tempest beats harmless around her. "In the smooth seasons and the calms of life," the worth of religion is not estimated. Like every thing else, which has in it the genuine marks of greatness, it is not captivated by the allurements of worldly grandeur, nor the soft and silken scenes of luxury. Amidst the gaiety and frivolity of a Parisian Court, the philosopher of Fernay could curse religion without a blush;—Hume, proud of that reputation which his talents acquired him, could play it off in a metaphysical jargon; and Paine disposes of it, with a sneer and a lie.—But let religion be estimated by him, who is just walking to the stake of the martyr; by him who is soon to suffer the terrors of the inquisition; by him who is proscribed and banished from his family, from his friends and from his country.—These will tell you that religion is invaluable; that it gives them comfort here; that it is the earnest of life eternal, the warrant that gives possession of endless felicity.

Whoever, therefore, possesses and practises the pure principles of Christianity, leaves at his decease, a turbulent, vicious world, for the society of sanctified and glorified beings. How salutary then is the balm of Gilead—how fair the roses that bud on Zion!

While we mourn, let us not mourn for ourselves alone. In sympathy there is nothing selfish nor contracted; animated and benevolent, its rays are diffused as widely as the strokes of affliction are felt. There are scenes still more affecting than we have witnessed, there are bosoms, whose sorrow is greater than our own. Is any one here, whose tears have flown for a son, or for a brother? Any one who has felt the heart-rending pangs of a separation of those ties, which nature forms and love corroborates? Go to the shades of Templeton,* to the bosom of a family surprised by the tidings of death! Your feelings shall there be arrested by eloquence that nothing can resist, the eloquence of nature, the eloquence of grief. A brother's tears, a sister's sighs shall there awake the sympathetic emotions in every heart that is not steeled in insensibility! Robed in the sable attire of affliction, you shall there behold a mother, whose bosom throbs—You shall see a father—but you have seen. Lowly bending over yonder balustrade you have seen the tear of age trickle down the cheek of a venerable parent. With eyes turned towards Heaven, you have seen the struggle between fortitude and affection shake his frame. You saw, and did you not pity? Did not the manliness of silent grief heave a sigh from your breasts, that ascended with your morning aspirations, and mingled with the hallowed incense of a parent's prayers at the throne of Grace?

* Where the parents of the deceased reside.

WANT OF METHOD.

The great difficulty with most people is their want of method and determination. This will explain to us the reason why most of our students are so little acquainted with polite literature, and produce so few original writings.

They will tell us, they are under the necessity of attending to some kind of professional business, or money-getting employment, through the day; consequently, have no time for reading or reflection—for planning or for executing. But the evening—"that is taken up with company;" not long at a time however, or at least, not always. "But after the evening is somewhat advanced, one has so little time, and wants to read so many things;" Ah! there's the rub—you have no method or no determination; and procrastination, confusion, and indecision are the plagues of mankind. Thus it stands:—Company gone, the student says he will to his task—"but he has not time enough to read an oration in Cicero, a chapter in Greek, (don't scowl, fastidious reader, for there is as much wisdom in some such old fashioned things, as in cards and novels) a chapter of history or biography, a long state paper, a review, a poem,—or to write a dissertation, or a number for the gazette, besides he has several other little matters to attend to soon.—Very well, let him attend to them *this* evening, or read *this* evening, and attend to them the *next*; or let him read or write, while he would otherwise be *wishing for more time*. But no! he sits down and can do nothing for want of time to do too much—there he *thinks* nothing—then getting up *does* nothing—turning round three or four times he *resolves* upon nothing—taking up one book and throwing by another, he *learns* nothing—sitting down again he *writes* nothing—rising again, he *says* nothing:—then, when the clock strikes TWELVE! he *knows* nothing; and goes to bed—NOTHING. (Troy Gaz.)

MRS. RATCLIFFE.

I claim the privilege of being one of the admirers of this wonderful woman. It is easy to find a thousand faults with her writings, and faults, which cannot be defended on any of the canons of criticism. But I have forgotten her faults, and remember only her beauties. Her imagination is inexhaustible, and her fancy sometimes displays itself in descriptions, of unequalled beauty. She is in truth always a poet, except when she writes verses. Her grand excellence however is in the conception and impression of character, and her greatest character is undoubtedly Schedoni. There is nothing within the whole compass of the Epos or Drama superior to it. It is long since I read the Italian, and yet the image of the dark, mysterious, horrible monk is almost as vivid, as when it was first impressed. The scene on the seashore no reader ever yet forgot.—And this woman is now a maniac.

[Anthology.]

Mr. ORLANDO,

I think the following extract from a late London paper very applicable to the present age. If you are of my opinion, please to give it a place in the Literary Tablet, and oblige your correspondent.

W.

HOW mortifying to human pride is the reflection, that the most sordid of all the vices has sometimes stained the highest characters. In the reign of George the First, the Lord Chancellor Macclesfield was condemned to a fine of thirty thousand pounds, and imprisonment, for *selling* commissions to masters in chancery. In the preceding reign the Duke of Marlborough, after returning from victories as splendid as any in history, was dismissed from

the Queen's service for having taken a *bribe* of six thousand pounds a year, from a Jew, in a contract to supply the army with bread. And in earlier times, Lord Bacon, who laid down those principles, by the aid of which Newton raised his immortal system, was punished for *bribery* and corruption, in the administration of his office. What excuse can there be for such perfidy?—Yet when characters, so exalted in other respects above their species, have been found frail, there is less wonder that in more ordinary characters of the vulgar great, temptation should be an overmatch for conscience. A man of unsound heart, incorrect education, and restless ambition, be his fancy ever so warm, and his intellect ever so keen; be his talents ever so popular, and his ability of doing good ever so great, ought never to be trusted with power, lest he be tempted to prostitute it to the worst of purposes.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

DIVERSITY OF OPINION.

THE study of Natural Philosophy is calculated to entertain the enquiring mind. To investigate the hidden operations of nature, to trace the connection of her laws, and to explain her multifarious phenomena, are rational and sublime employments.

The rill, which glides by the dwelling of the peasant, conveys to his untutored mind the ideas of beauty and utility, and he enquires no farther. The Philosopher finds in the same a fruitful source of delight and contemplation. The unlettered rustic hears with terror the thunder of heaven, he views with awe the livid lightning. The Philosopher explains the mysterious cause, and conducts the death-portending flash harmless to the earth.

The penetrating observer of nature views, with astonishment, the progress of vegetation. The air he breathes furnishes him a theme for noble and useful speculation. A falling shower is a world of wonders.

But in observing the characters of those, who have attended to this interesting study, we perceive the different effects it has produced on their opinions and belief.—One with a frigid, sceptic soul, which we are almost tempted to believe material, pretends to be lost in doubt, and bewildered in uncertainty.—A second, confident in his knowledge, can account for all things. He disclaims the weak notions of the humble enquirer after truth, maintains the eternity of matter, or some other dogma equally absurd; and, with infidel front, denies the Great First Cause. Another, acknowledging his inability to comprehend many of the mysterious laws of nature, owns a creating hand, and "looks through nature up to nature's God."

In that study, which is so important in the sciences, and more refined as well as mechanic arts, and in nearly all the purposes of life, the cause of such disparity in its effects should be accurately sought and fully known. And this we attempt to do on the following hypothesis.

A person of a warm temperament, who has acquired a habit of judging hastily, and is impatient of abstract reasoning, will find many things to disturb him in the course of his study. He cannot explain them immediately; he therefore condemns the opinion of his author, or instructor, and passes more easily over the diffi-

culty by framing an hypothesis, or embracing some absurd, unfounded theory. In this way he contracts a habit of forming systems, more consonant to his ideas of nature, and in a hasty and self-sufficient manner explains every phenomenon.

Another begins the study, with a mind little in harmony with the Divine Character, and uneasy in the belief of his existence. Such an one will certainly be a sceptic. The film of prejudice, which covers his eye, will darken every object he beholds. Beauty, harmony and regularity will to him appear disgusting disorder and deformity. He will soon be confirmed in error, for "None are so blind as the man who will not see."—We pass others by, to notice him, who seeks truth wherever it may be found, who loves it, whatever it be. Such an one reasons coolly, judges without prejudice, and therefore obtains correct notions. Such an one looks into nature with delight; for there is harmony, there is order, there is a display of consummate wisdom. At every advance he exclaims in ecstasy, what new wonder is here? As he analyzes the air, his mind dilates with adoration; while he studies the properties of fire, his affections are inflamed with love; as his mind explores, in imagination, unbounded space, his soul proportionably rises in contemplation of Deity.

Thus tempers and dispositions, at first little differing, produce in the course of study a great diversity in opinion and belief. Take heed, ye observers of nature, with what tempers ye enter the threshold of her mysterious temple; for on this depends your success. As your prejudices, or tempers incline, the will either lead you into the hall of reason, seat you under the canopy of truth, display before you her own richest treasures, and feast you on her delicacies; or, she will lead you to the dungeon of error, and there confine you with the fetters of prejudice, blinded with doubt, and starved with infidelity.

LOAMMI.

AGENTS for the LITERARY TABLET.

The following gentlemen are solicited to aid a feeble exertion, for the promotion of virtue and literature, by receiving subscriptions for this paper.

John Vose, Esq. Atkinson, N. H.
David Everett, Esq. Amherst, do.
Stephen P. Webster, Esq. Haverhill, do.
Jeduthun Wilcox, Esq. Orford, do.
Samuel Bragg, Printer, Dover, do.
Eliha Ticknor, merchant, Boston, Ms.
H. Weld Fuller, Esq. Augusta, D. M.
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Dr. Eliphalet Lyman, Stafford, do.
Harry Croswell, Printer, Hudson, N. Y.
Wright & Co. Printers, Troy, do.
Dodd & Rumsey, Printers, Salem, do.
J. Warren Brackett, Esq. N. York (City).
Tobias Boudinott, Esq. Newark, N. Jersey.
Loring Andrews, Printer, Charleston, S. C.
And the Postmasters in New-England.

Agents are requested to transmit us the names of subscribers as soon as procured, and are authorized to receive payment for The Tablet and receipt for the same. They will be allowed, for their trouble, ten per cent. on all the money they obtain from subscribers and convey to the Printer.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No. 1. 'From the Literary Workshop' is received, and shall soon have the attention it merits. We wish the best success to these literary laborers.

A. Z.'s lines on 'Hope' will be perused with pleasure, and would bear comparison with the most finished poems of the day.

ALOUETTE's favor shall soon be given to the readers of the Tablet.

Our friend W's communications would be more acceptable, were he more attentive to his penmanship. One part of his paper is written elegantly, but the other is scarcely legible.—We hope to hear frequently from this correspondent.

HERMES' 'Wish' shall occupy a place in our next number.

N.'s paper shall not 'pass in silence to destruction.' The sentiments of this writer are superlatively good, but his style would admit of much improvement.

L.'s 'Ode to a Windmill' is too clattering for the Tablet.

HIRAM's production has not yet been examined.

Is EUGENIO's muse weary? or sauntering in 'Souhegan Grove'?

Hypocrites begin his celebrated aphorisms in this way: "Life is short, science is long, opportunities of knowledge rare, experiments fallacious, and reasoning difficult."

DIED]—In Europe, her Royal Highness Madame the Countess D'Artois, consort of the 2d brother of the unfortunate Louis xvi.

SELECTED POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

EPIGRAM.

The following ingenious epigram was written by Pope, the celebrated poet, on a pane of glass, with the Earl of Chatterfield's diamond pencil. It is difficult to determine whether it does most honor to the writer, or the person for whom the compliment is designed—

*Accept a miracle instead of wit,
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.*

JUVENAL'S X SATIRE,

Translated into English Verse,

By WM. GIFFORD, Esq.

ARGUMENT.

THE subject of this inimitable Satire is the Vanity of Human Wishes. The poet takes his stand on the great theatre of the world, and summons before him the illustrious characters of all ages. As they appear in succession, he shews, from the principal events of their lives, how little happiness is promoted, by the attainment of what our indistinct and bounded views represent, as the most perfect of earthly blessings. Of these, he instances wealth, power, eloquence, military glory, and personal accomplishments; all of which have, as he observes, proved dangerous or destructive to their respective possessors. From hence, he argues the wisdom of acquiescing in the dispensations of Heaven; and concludes with a form of prayer, in which he points out, with great force and beauty, the objects for which a rational being may presume to approach the Almighty.

IN every clime, from Ganges' distant stream
To Gades, gilded by the western beam,
Few, from the clouds of mental error free,
In its true light, or good or evil, see.
For what, with reason, do we seek or shun?
What plan, how happily so'er begun,
That, when achiev'd, we do not wish undone?
The Gods have heard, with too indulgent ears,
And crush'd whole families beneath their pray-
ers.

Bewilder'd thus, by folly or by fate,
We beg pernicious gifts in every state;
A copious tide, a full and rapid flow
Of eloquence, lays many a speaker low;
E'en strength itself is fatal; Milo tries
His wondrous arms, and in the trial dies.

But heaps of wealth have still more danger-
ous prov'd,
(Too anxiously amass'd, too fondly lov'd,
Heaps, which o'er common fortunes proudly
rise,

As o'er the dolphin towers the whale in size.
Hence, in those dreadful times, at Nero's word,
The ruffian bands unsheath'd the murderous
sword,

Rush'd to the swelling coffers of the great,
And seiz'd the rich domain, and lordly feat;
While sweetly in their cock-lofts slept the poor,
And heard no soldier thundering at their door.

The traveller, freighted with a little wealth,
Sets forth at night, and makes his way by
health;

E'en then, he fears the bludgeon and the blade,
And starts at every rush's waving shade:
While, void of care, the beggar trips along,
And, in the spoiler's presence, trolls his song.

The first great wish we all with rapture own,
The general cry, to every temple known,
Is gold, gold, gold! "O give us gold, ye
powers,

"And let our neighbor's coffer yield to ours!"
Yet none from earthen bowls destruction sip:
Dread then the baneful draught, when at thy
lip

The goblet mantles, grac'd with gems divine,
And the broad gold inflames the Setine wine.

And do we now admire the stories told
Of the two sages, so renown'd of old;
How This for ever laugh'd, when'er he slept
Across the threshold; That, for ever wept?
But all can laugh:—the wonder yet appears,
What source supplied the eternal stream of
tears!

Democritus, at every step he took,
His sides with unextinguish'd laughter shook,
Though in his days, O Thrace! thy simple
towns

No fauces, litters knew, no purple gowns.—
What! had he seen, in his triumphal car,
Amid the dusty Cirque conspicuous far,
The Prætor perch'd aloft, superbly drest
In Jove's gay tunic, with a trailing vest
Of Tyrian tapestry, and o'er him spread
A crown, too bulky for a mortal head,
Which a poor slave supports, ordain'd to ride
In the same car, forsooth, to check his pride!
Add too, the ivory sceptre in his hands,
The trumpeters, and the dependant bands
That stalk before him; add the friends in white,
That lead his steeds, allur'd to grace the fight,
By the fond prospect of a dole at night!

Yes, in those times, in every varied scene
The good old man found matter for his spleen:
A wondrous Sage! whose story makes it clear,
That men may rise in folly's atmosphere,
Beneath Bæotian fogs, of soul sublime,
And great examples to the coming time.

He laugh'd aloud to see the vulgar cares,
Laugh'd at their joys, and sometimes at their
tears;

Himself, the while, would mock at Fortune's
frown,
And when she threaten'd, bid her hang or
drown.

Learn hence, that when we crowd each sacred
shrine,

And fix our tablets on the powers divine,
Dangerous or useless favours we require,
And grow most wretched through our own de-
fire.

[To be continued.]

A SONG.

[Tune—the Humours of Glen.]

SOME sing of sweet Molly, some sing of fair Nelly,
And some call sweet Susy the cause of their pain,
Some love to be jolly, some love melancholy,
And some love to sing of the Humours of Glen.

But my only fancy is my pretty Nancy,
In venting my passion I'll strive to be plain,
I'll ask no more treasure, I'll seek no more pleasure,
But thee, my dear Nancy, gin thou wert my ain.

Her beauty delights me, her kindness invites me,
Her pleasant behaviour is free from all stain;
Therewith, my sweet jewel, O do not prove cruel,
Consent, my dear Nancy, and come be my ain.

Her carriage is comely, her language is homely,
Her dress is quite decent, when ta'en in the main,
She's blooming in feature, she's handsome in stature,
My charming, dear Nancy, O wert thou my ain.

Like Phoebus adorning the fair ruddy morning
Her bright eyes are sparkling, her brows are serene,
Her yellow locks shining, in beauty combining,
My charming sweet Nancy, wilt thou be my ain?

The whole of her face is with maidenly grace
Arrayed like the gowans, that grow in yon glen,
She is well shap'd and slender, true hearted and tender,
My charming sweet Nancy, O wert thou my ain.

I'll seek through the nation for some habitation
To the ter my jewel from cold, snow, and rain,
With songs to my deary, I'll keep her ay cheery,
My charming sweet Nancy, gin thou wert my ain.

I'll work at my calling to furnish my dwelling
With every thing needful thy life to sustain,
Thou shalt not sit single, but, by a clear angle,
I'll marrow thee, Nancy, when thou art my ain.

I'll make true affection the constant direction
Of loving my Nancy, while life doth remain;
Though youth will be wailing, true love shall be lasting,
My charming sweet Nancy, gin thou wert my ain.

But what if my Nancy should alter her fancy,
To favour another, be forward and fain,
I will not compel her, but plainly I'll tell her
Begone, thou false Nancy, thou'lt ne'er be my ain.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

A TALE.

THE night was dark, the winds blew high,
And whistled round the hill;
The cloud-veil'd stars forsook the sky,
The voice of mirth was still.

When MARY left a father's home,
And brav'd the gloom to prove
That dangers, darkness, winds and storm,
Can never conquer love.

The fire of tempests, clad in wrath,
Rode howling thro' the storm;
Destruction shot across the path,
Ah, death how multiform!

Alone she stray'd, (O Damon hear)
Unconscious of affright,
Disdain'd the elemental war,
And horrors of the night.

For thee she fought and found the bower,
Where you had sworn to be;
For thee endur'd the cruel shower,
Disclaim'd the world for thee—

For thee, all night she dar'd to roam,
For thee, she call'd and cri'd;
For thee had left her friends and home,
For thee, she wept and—died.

Your tongue mellifluous stole her heart—
You threw that heart away;
And now stand foremost in the art
To flatter and betray.

But MARY's sad, untimely fate
Forewarns each fickle fair,
In language strong and voice elate,
"Beware, beware, beware!"

A. Z.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

RESIGNATION.

MR. ORLANDO,

The following lines were written by a young
man, who, at the age of twenty-one, was wasting
away with a lingering disease, for the purpose of
reconciling his friend to his approaching fate. By
publishing them, you will oblige
Z. W.

AH, cease, my friend, to mourn my fate,
Cast off that silent gloom;
From pain releas'd, with hope elate,
I hasten to the tomb.

For why, my Edwin, why repine
At stubborn fate's decree;
Or long to linger out my time,
Since death can set me free?

Discard the thought; a life of woe
Will close, or soon or late,
And all must hear, or wish'd or no,
The dark decrees of fate.

I hail that day, with pure delight,
When I my breath resign,
And soaring to the realms of light
With choirs of angels join.

Full well I know the ills of life,
Misfortune's darling child,
And gladly quit a world of strife
By brighter scenes beguil'd.

An infant, I was doom'd to pain,
A youth, by want oppress'd.
With manhood's bloom pale sickness came,
But soon will grant me rest.

Cease, then, my friend, to mourn my lot,
My life, with joy I yield;
My pains, my wants, my cares forget,
I gain the blissful field.

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER WEDNESDAY,

BY M. Davis.